

Good Morning 709

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



The 'groom gets both hands to the job of cutting the cake.

Ron Richards is Married

SORROWS will be drowned in drink at Blockhouse and at Forth, gloom will spread over the high seas, and anywhere in fact where submariners may be, at the sad news that Ron (I-Get-Around) Richards, will henceforth be known as Ron (Don't-Get-Around-Any-More) Richards.

No more will he join with submariners in beery nights at Chatham, Dunoon, Blyth and all the other places where submariners meet, and where he was known, I believe, as a more-or-less carefree bachelor.

Now everything is changed. There is a Mrs. Richards.

I have known him for a good few years now (writes Staff Reporter Derek Heberton), but even I can't quite believe the change that has come over him since he first declared his intention of settling down. When he first said he was going to set up house we thought he was ill; but it seems that it was the illness which attacks most people only once in their lives.

Anyway, he certainly looked radiantly happy when he came out of Westminster Cathedral with Mrs. Richards on his arm.

I hope he won't shoot me for this, but I must say that before the ceremony the bridegroom looked distinctly nervous. But then I suppose he had every cause to be.

I think at this point I should put in a complaint about a certain person or persons unknown, believed to be serving, or to have served on H.M. Submarine Tally Ho, who in the early part of this year, in the vicinity of Blyth, did forcibly remove a vital portion of hair from the head of one Ronald Richards of "Good Morning."

The patch was rather more noticeable when he was wearing his wedding uniform of morning coat and striped trousers, than when he wore his lounge suit; but when the bride eventually arrived she faced up to it bravely.

In case you don't already know, she was Miss Moira Wainwright, W.R.N.S., and when she came into the church on the arm of her father, she certainly looked

everything that a bride should.

I have never seen her look better than she did in her dress of white satin, and it must certainly have compensated the bridegroom for his long wait.

The service itself, which was conducted by Father Rivers, went off as a wedding should, and the best man did his stuff in the right place. He, by the way, was Jack Monk, better known to submariners as the artist of the Buck Ryan strip.

Coming out of church, the couple had to face a battery of cameras, and were kept in the church doorway for many minutes while the wind played havoc with the bride's head-dress, and "Fuse" Wilson and George Greenwell and others played with their cameras.

The reception was at the Rembrandt Hotel, Kensington, where everyone feasted on strawberries and cream and other tasty foods.

Wine flowed liberally and for those in need of a longer

thirst-quencher, there was the Gladstone across the road.

Mention of the Gladstone reminds me that I should have said that at the wedding, and of course the reception, were Lieutenant John Steadman, D.S.C., R.N.R., and Chief E.R.A. Charlie Fink and Mrs. Fink, all of whom had come up to Town specially to wish good luck to the pair.

Both the bride's parents were there, with her sisters, Gabriel, who acted as bridesmaid, and Hesta, and a brother, Warrant Officer Eddie Wainwright, also the groom's parents and his sister, Mrs. Ruby Taylor. His only brother was unable to be present, for as several submariners know, he is now in warmer climes.

Even in the business of cutting the cake, the couple were interrupted by photographers.

After they and the hungry guests had waited patiently for some minutes, the cameramen ran out of flash-bulbs and such, and the couple were



A charming photograph of Ron and Moira leaving Westminster Cathedral as Mr. and Mrs. Richards.

Why Not Blow Yourself a Good Living? as does Tom Fleming

YOU may find this a possible post-war job—blowing bubbles of glass into goblets.

There are four of us, Jack Auld, Vic Naylor, Harry Hayden and myself in my gang, which is called a "set." For two years we have worked together on this job, but that's not much of a record for glassblowers. Some sets in the glasshouse have been teamed up for nigh on fifteen years.

The reason they don't break up a "set" of chaps is that ours is split-second work, when you're handling red-hot glass straight from the furnace mouth.

A team gets to know, without a word being spoken, just how much glass to gather on the blow-pipe for any particular-shaped goblet or tumbler, at what instant it is to be marvered, when the gaffer wants it dipped steaming into cold water, and when it must be softened again at the kinney.

Most of our work in the glasshouse is done in semi-darkness, lit only by the ruddy glow from the furnace mouths; and the ancient words we use (for glassmaking is so old, far back beyond Roman times) come strangely out of this

darkness, I know, to anybody who hasn't seen glass bubbles being blown before into beautiful shapes.

ALL ORIGINAL.

Our team works in a set, close together in a semi-circle. We rarely get burned by the swinging, glowing, molten glass. We have to be "artists," for each piece we make is an original invention of the human mind, depending on accuracy of eye and sureness of touch.

There are many old French and Italian technical terms employed in our job. The process of melting the batch is "fonding," from the French word *fondre*; the "kinney" is the corner of the furnace; the "foushart" is the fork (*fouchette*) for conveying away the completed article from the gaffer, or leader of the "set" of glassblowers; the "marver" is the slab, once of marble; hence the origin in "marbre," on which the blob of molten glass is first rolled when it is drawn straight from the furnace mouth.

Our head gaffer sits facing the furnace in a "chair"—rough wooden bench provided with two parallel arms sloping downwards to the front.

His tools are primitive, his blowing "iron" consisting of a simple length of iron tube about 3/4-inch diameter and 42 inches long, tapered at one end to form a mouthpiece.

On this the molten metal is gathered from the pot and held while it is being shaped with tools, which are U-shaped pieces of steel, the bends of which are flat in section, while the prongs are round, and are of either wood or steel.

The wood chars in contact with the molten glass; and soon forms a carbonized, hard surface which helps to put a smooth finish on the glass object at the end of the blowing-iron.

The final tool, to my way of thinking the most useful in shaping the glass, is a small wooden bat, which soon gets blackened and tough. With rough wooden calipers

allowed to carry on with the cake cutting. It was very tasty.

And that's about all there is to say on the wedding of Ron Richards, except that the bride and groom got away at the appointed time and with them went the best wishes of all present and of all the submariners, who, I know, would have been there if they could.



Glass-blowing is a cheeky job.

we check the dimensions as the work proceeds.

It takes only some 30 seconds to fashion a wineglass, or 50 seconds to make a water-jug, so you see there is not a moment to lose, or the glass gets too cold to work.

MELTING-POT.

Our furnace is a great firebrick dome in the centre of a vast, dark factory floor looking not unlike the heart of a main railway terminus. In each dome there are eight or ten bright, white-hot openings—the traps in the clay pots containing the molten metal, standing in the firebrick "seige."

Every few days a new batch of raw material, sand, red-lead and old broken glass ("cullet") is shovelled into the pot, and left for 42 hours to melt. Then we begin work.

First we "gather," dipping the iron blowing-rod into the molten mass and turning it round in much the same way that one helps oneself to golden syrup with a spoon.

The glass is red-hot, like molten sealing-wax, sparking and flaming.

To remove the uneven spots on the blob of glass on the rod, it is "marvered," that is, rolled backwards and forwards very quickly, so that it does not lose heat, on the steel marver slab.

Then we blow down the tube to produce a bubble, twisting the tube some cheap rod-glass (not window-glass) from a chemist's shop over takes shape in the way that a potter moulds a vase.

The next man in the "set" can take the bubble from you at any moment by dipping his blowing-iron into the pot, extracting a spot of red glass like a lump of sealing-wax and adhering this to the base of the bubble you've blown.

Most articles are made by two or even three men in a set, who pass the bubble from pipe to pipe.

Tumblers, water-jugs, inkwells, wine-glasses and goblets are mostly made from the bubble. We hold the twisting blowing-iron high in the air to produce a flattish bubble. Objects made from longer bubbles, such as tall glasses or flower vases, are formed with the swiftly-twisting pipe held down to the floor.

For fancy shapes, such as square bottles, the bubble can be blown into a steel mould, and then with a

kick of the foot the mould is broken open, and the glass, still dull red, drawn out on the end of your blowing-iron.

HALF-PINT BUBBLES.

Tumblers and similar glasses are blown out as bubbles, the end of the bubble away from the pipe being the bottom of the tumbler. It is knocked off the pipe with the rounded, almost closed, top, and this is afterwards put on a stone in each dome there are eight or ten bright, white-hot openings—the

As fast as we blow our bubbles into shape they are taken on the "foushart" to the "lehr," which is a slow oven where the glass is put on a conveyor-belt taking about eight hours to traverse the full length. In this way the glass cools down very gradually. Brittle tumblers have not been given long enough in the "lehr," or annealing oven.

There will be plenty of scope for new blowers, soon, and if the idea appeals to you as a post-war job, remember the tools are primitive and the pay high.

But not one man in 800 has the necessary aptitude for it, we find; but it means security for a good man, especially if he is something of an artist. There is plenty of scope for chemists, too, in British glasshouses.

If you want to test your natural finger skill in glasswork, try melting produce a bubble, twisting the tube some cheap rod-glass (not window-glass) from a chemist's shop over takes shape in the way that a potter moulds a vase.

If you find you can quickly form attractive ornaments, then you might make a good living with a blowing-iron!

BOUQUETS just make us feel foolish . . . BRICKBATS are what we really enjoy. So let's hear from you.

Address :
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

THIS TRIANGULAR DUEL

By Capt. Marryat

MR. Tallboys, the gunner of men; but the gunner, sir, is, or you have entered into the science of navigation—at your age it was dumpy man, with red face, and still sir, is a science—we have our own high time.

He had once been a captain's gunner not being a navigator; clerk, and having distinguished for knowing his duty as a gunner, himself very much in cutting out he has the same mathematical service, had applied for and received his warrant as a gunner. He had studied the "Art of Gunnery," a part of which he understood, but the remainder was above his comprehension: he continued, however, to read it as before, thinking that by constant reading he should understand it at last.

He had gone through the work from the title-page to the finish at least forty times, and had just commenced it over again.

He never came on deck without the gunner's vade-mecum in his pocket, with his hand always sight, logarithms, projectiles and upon it to refer to it in a moment. But Mr. Tallboys has, as we observed before, a great idea of the importance of a gunner, and, capacity to receive the rule of among other qualifications, he considered it absolutely necessary that he should be a navigator.

He had at least ten instances to bring forward of bloody actions, in which the captain and all the commissioned officers had been killed or wounded, and the command of the ship had devolved upon the gunner.

"Now, sir," would he say, "if not speak but in mathematical terms, the gunner is no navigator, he is not fit to take charge of Majesty's ships. The boatswain and carpenter are merely practical had sailed for Malta, that

gunner argued the point, until it was agreed to refer the case to Mr. Jolliffe, who asserted with a smile, "That those lines were parallels and not parallels."

As both were right, both were satisfied.

It was fortunate that Jack would argue in this instance: had he believed all the confused assertions of the gunner, he would have been as puzzled as the gunner himself. They never met without an argument and a reference, and as Jack was put right in the end, he only learnt the faster. By the time that he did know something about navigation, he discovered that his antagonist knew nothing.

Before they arrived at Malta, Jack could fudge a day's work. Although Mr. Smalls (the master) could not injure him, he was still Jack's enemy; the more so as Jack had become very popular.

The boatswain, Mr. Biggs, and purser's steward, Mr. Easthupp, probably from their respective ill will towards our hero, had become great allies.

Mr. Easthupp now put on his best jacket to walk the dog-watches with Mr. Biggs, and they took every opportunity to talk at Jack.

"It's my peculiar opinion," said Mr. Easthupp, one evening, pulling at the frill of his shirt, "that a gentleman should behave as a gentleman, and that if a gentleman professes opinions of equality and such liberal sentiments, that he is bound as a gentleman to hact up to them."

"Very true, Mr. Easthupp; he is bound to act up to them; Whereupon Jack and the

"You will then find out how your parallels of longitude and latitude meet."

"Two parallel lines, if continued to infinity, will never meet," replied Jack.

"I beg your pardon," said the gunner.

"I beg yours," said Jack. Whereupon Mr. Tallboys brought up a small map of the world, and showed Jack that all the parallels of latitude met at a point at the top and bottom.

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The gunner was a mathematician, so he arranged a three-cornered combat on strictly "scientific" lines. It is the funniest "duel" ever fought and comes from "Midshipman Easy."

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QUIZ for today

5. Who invented the barometer, and about when?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Bolivia, Venezuela, Latvia, Argentina, Nicaragua.

Answers to Quiz in No. 708

1. What name is given to a cross between a yak and a cow?
2. Which is longer, the Nile or the Amazon?
3. In what game is the term "Bully" used?
4. Who is called the thirteenth apostle?

1. Whisky and honey.
2. Calcutta.
3. Peacehaven.
4. Yellow Goat's Beard.
5. 1871.
6. Coventry is not on the coast; others are.



Jack Greenall
Says:
Ain't
Nature
Wonderful!

THE CANARY.

THE canary is a bird doing "time" for life. This bird is a martyr. What with rheumatism, red-mite, moulting, asthma, rickets, ulcers, and ninnies breathing on him, one wonders why the heck he hangs on to life. Personally, I'd drop off the top perch and call it a day.

If poison-gas is suspected in a coal-mine, down they drop the poor devil to prove it. If success crowns his efforts he never knows. Seems to me he's got everything coming to him.

A canary will sing till smothered. One can get very tired of a canary singing. One wonders how the red-mites stick it. I'd look up fresh digs if I were a red-mite.

You can call a canary "Joey" for donkey's years, then the contrary cuss will lay an egg; after that, to save your face, the name's Jose or Josephine. The egg will always be laid from the top perch; from this one wonders how the whole canary tribe carries on.

Give the canary a full pot of seed, and await developments. You'll wonder afterwards where you'll be finding the darned seeds next. A fat lot he cares.

You also put sand on the bottom of a canary's cage; guess what for? A canary stands for his natural days on a bit of wood called a perch. If he stands too long, his nails grow round it, and when next noticed he's found blue in the face giving a spirited impersonation of a bat.

Now and then, for a change, he'll rest his chest on the perch, giving one the impression he's more "browned off" than usual. Now you know if you've got a canary what you have let yourself in for.

Alex Crack

When Rose blows her nose on her clothes she shows her hose.

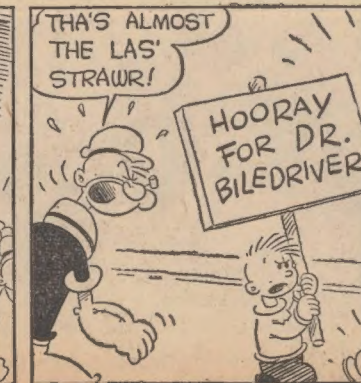
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words

1. Behead a grip and get a tool.
2. Insert the same letter eight times and make sense of: Hblivsvrythinghars.
3. Change SAY into WEN in four steps, making a new word at each step by dropping the first letter and adding a letter to the end. (Example: SAME, AMEN, MEND, etc.).
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: Only a fool would try to paddle across the in a .

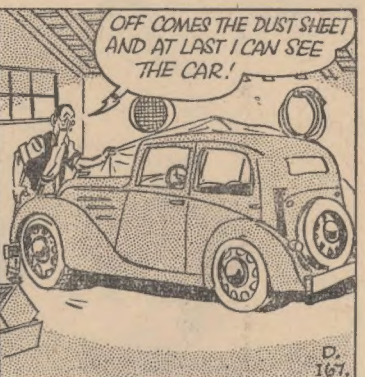
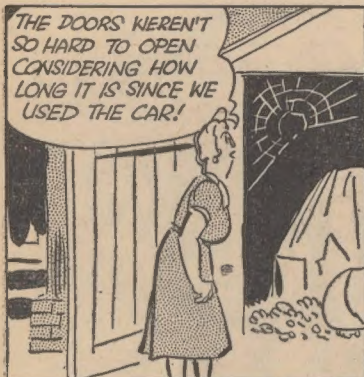
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 648

1. B-ear.
2. Help him to hit it hard with that hammer.
3. WHO, HOW, OWE, WEY, EYE, YES.
4. Face, café.

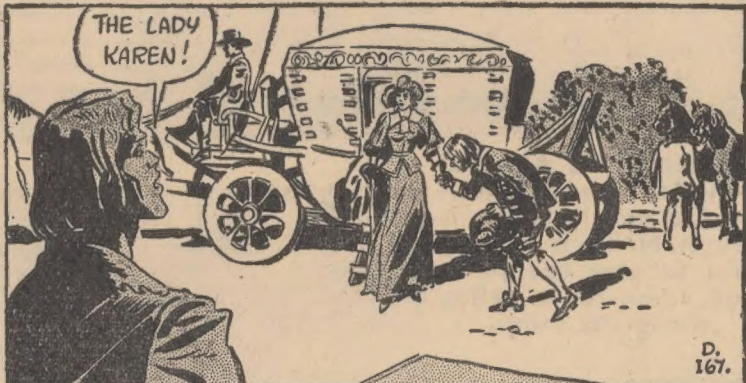
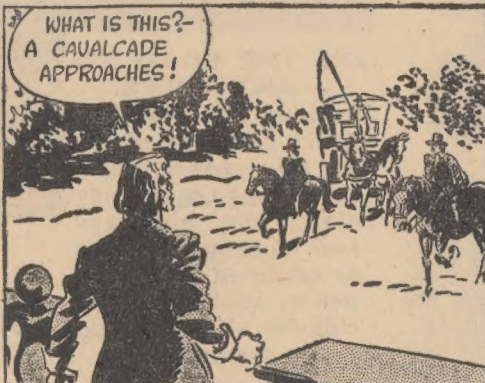
JANE



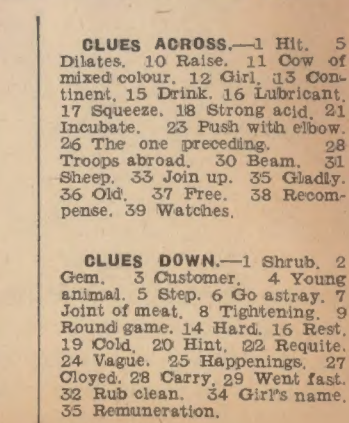
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



THIS TRIANGULAR DUEL

(Continued from Page 2)

"Yes, Mr. Heasy, quite as good a gentleman as yourself, although I av ad misfortunes—I ham of as hold a family as hany in the country," replied Mr. Easthupp, now backed by the boatswain; "many the year did I walk Bond Street, and I ave as good blood in my veins as you, Mr. Heasy, hal-though I have been misfortunate—I've had hadmirals in my family."

"You have grossly insulted this gentleman," said Mr. Biggs, in continuation; "and notwithstanding all your talk of equality, you are afraid to give him satisfaction—you shelter yourself under your quarter-deck."

"Mr. Biggs," replied Jack, who was now very wroth, "I shall go on shore directly we arrive at Malta. Let you, and this fellow, put on plain clothes, and I will meet you both—and then I'll show you whether I am afraid to give satisfaction."

"This is the gentleman whom you have insulted, Mr. Easy," replied the boatswain, pointing to the purser's steward.

"One at a time," said the boatswain.

"No, sir, not one at a time, but both at the same time—I will fight both or none. If you are my superior officer, you must descend," replied Jack, with an ironical sneer, "to meet me, or I will not descend to meet that fellow, whom I believe to have been little better than a pickpocket."

(To be continued).

JOKE CORNER

A small boy, told to write all he knew of Elijah, speaking truly for himself, wrote: "We do not know much of this holy man," and added: "but we know that he went for a cruise with a widow."

Magistrate: "Then you say this man was drunk?"

Witness: "No, sir; I simply say that he sat in his car for two hours in front of an excavation waiting for the red light to turn green."



THE THINGS PEOPLE DO

IT will give somebody a good deal of hard work to beat the record set up by Captain A. B. H. Youell. He recently completed nineteen thousand flying hours with the R.A.F.

That sounds a lot, but it means even more when you reckon out that it covers two and a half years flying without a break.

Captain Youell has been piloting aircraft for the past eighteen years, and has hopped across the Atlantic eighty-five times. He knows just what it looks like.

He has flown the King and Queen to Brussels and been pilot for many famous people. Still in the early forties, he plans to make the air his career!

A SIXTEEN-years-old London boy wanted to get to Scotland so badly that he rode the rods on the Euston to Perth express for 460 miles.

Clinging to the undercarriage of one of the coaches, he travelled all through the night, and was only found when the carriages were being inspected at Perth.

Three other children recently did a runaway on the Euston to Stranraer express, after a 170-miles hitch-hike to London from their home at Ironbridge (Shropshire).

At the end of their 405-mile railway journey they handed up Euston platform tickets to the astonished Scots railway ticket collector.

In both instances they were packed off to the starting point.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

JET TEMPT G
VASE SUAVE
CENTAL PRIM
URSA IRATE
BY KATE ASP
I SECTION R
COT MENU NO
WAVER GNOW
MERE SCHOOL
ANTIC ATOM
Y SLOOP KIN

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10						11		
12				13	14			
15				16			17	
		18	19			20		
21	22				23	24	25	
			26	27				
28	29		30			31	32	
33		34			35			
36				37				
38						39		

CLUES ACROSS.—1 Hit. 5 Dilates. 10 Raise. 11 Cow of mixed colour. 12 Girl. 13 Continent. 15 Drink. 16 Lubricant. 17 Squeeze. 18 Strong acid. 21 Incubate. 23 Push with elbow. 26 The one preceding. 28 Troops abroad. 30 Beam. 31 Sheep. 33 Join up. 35 Gladly. 36 Old. 37 Free. 38 Recommendation. 39 Watches.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Shrub. 2 Gem. 3 Customer. 4 Young animal. 5 Step. 6 Go astray. 7 Joint of meat. 8 Tightening. 9 Round game. 14 Hard. 16 Rest. 19 Cold. 20 Hint. 22 Requite. 24 Vague. 25 Happenings. 27 Cloyed. 28 Carry. 29 Went fast. 32 Rub clean. 34 Girl's name. 35 Remuneration.



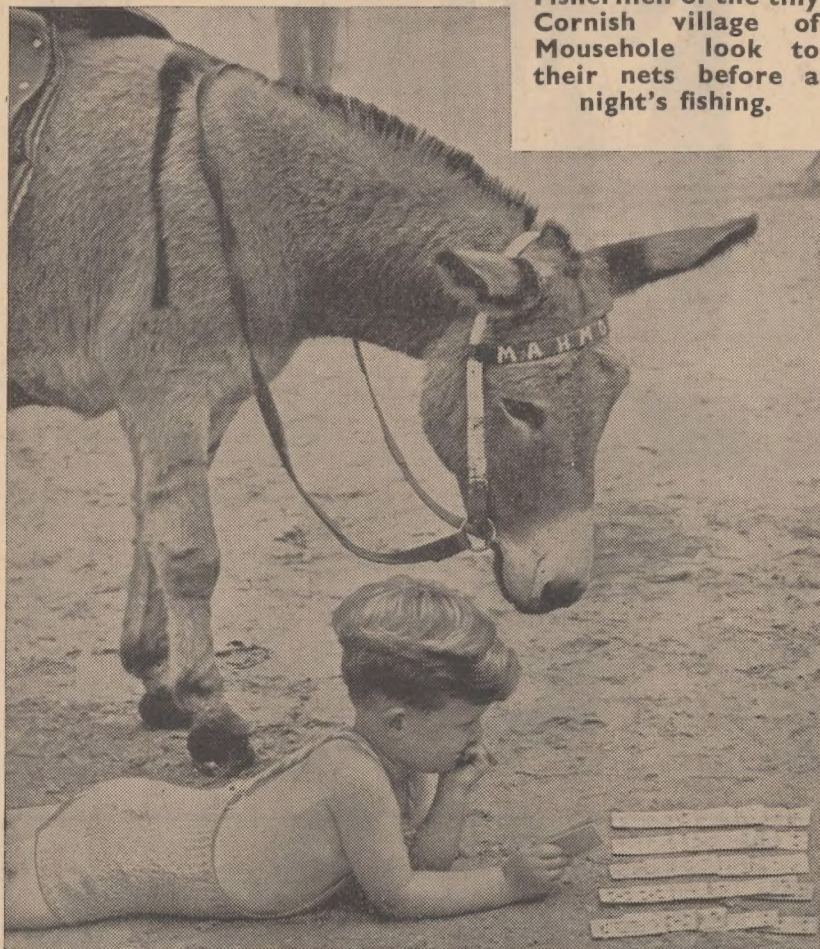
THE OTHER CHAP'S JOB.
Fishermen of the tiny Cornish village of Mousehole look to their nets before a night's fishing.



★ **CHRISTMAS-TREE FAIRY COMES DOWN TO EARTH.** ★
We don't know whether she's got a lump of chewing-gum stuck to the heel of her ballet shoe, or whether it's all part of the "pas seul"—but if this queen of the old Empire bends any lower, she may land in the lap of a johnny in the stalls.



It's all in the life of a Pin-Up girl, laughs Paramount's Hillary Brooke, as she is asked to pose on the wet sand with a gusty nor'easter blowing around her none-too-well-covered shoulders.



PATIENCE IS A VICE!
— And this young fellow-lad got it badly it seems. Neddy is advising him to play the Joker and come for a gallop along the sands.



★ At first glance we thought this was a picture of Siamese twins. But then we saw that the little deers were merely posing as a pair of bookends. Now, if we had a book, we'd sure getta hold of these fawns. ★



ON THE ROAD TO — ANYWHERE.
Pushing his bicycle — which contains all his worldly possessions — this happy tramp jogs along the highways and byways. He's artist, handyman, gardener, cook, window-cleaner all rolled up in one.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"He own a book, why he can't even read!"

